TERRA INFIRMA

Vita Obscura

NUMBER 4

Having recently moved to Columbus, Ohio I made it my business to get acquainted with the local folklore. All places have their local legends and myths and they're always fun. One thing I found out about was a place the locals called, lovingly, the "Gates of Hell" or, alterntatively, the "Blood Bowl." These names actually refer to a big storm drain type thing, an underground stream of sorts. It runs underneath a busy commercial area, directly underneath a white castle restaurant and a donut shop on High Street (If you're ever in Columbus, check it out, it's just North of Arcadia Ave.). Since this location finds it place in folklore, no one seems to know for sure how it got these names. I've heard one theory for each: 1) It might be called the gates of hell b/c of a strange looking steel structure by the entrance and, 2) it might be called the bloody bowl b/c of a skateboarder who died near that entrance where the concrete retaining walls form something of a bowl-like shape (more about these later).

So we set off on a sunny, November saturday around noon. The leaves were falling and a cool breeze was in the air. A perfect sort of day for exploring. Normally i like to keep these sorts of things small, no more than four people or so, but it almost got out of control. Which is understandable, I mean come on, who wouldn't want to check out a place called the gates of hell?? I only mentioned my plan a couple times and already six people were interested (two of which I had never really met), so I stopped talking about it and we just went before things got too big and six people became... I don't know, a bigger number.

We all piled into one little car in the interest of something or other and parked in a lot very near to the gates. It's weird cause you would

never suspect there to be anything but stores and houses there. Society puts up a really good facade though, and a lot of the best stuff is often hidden nearby. All we had to do, as far as i could tell, was walk behind the building and take off down a hill which I figured was actually the stream bed that led to the gates. The problem was that there was a car parked suspiciously close to the out of the way place we were going. Normally i wouldn't think much of this--hell, it could have been a fellow explorer-- but this is where a simple fact about Columbus interfered with my plans. They like football. College football that is. In fact, they're obsessed with it, specifically with their home team. So on game days, the OSU stadium fills up with some 100,000 screaming oddities -- a sure subject for anthropological study if ever there was one. This horde swarms down *en masse* to find places to park anywhere remotely near the campus in order to satiate their perfidious desires. They litter the streets, parking lots, and any other spot they can conceivably fit a car (apparently they *don't* believe in carpooling!) The people that "own" the places where they park do one of two things: 1) Charge exorbitant fees for the so-called privilege to park or B) Start towing away cars.

Which brings me to my point. I was suspicious that this guy waiting in his car in such an unusually strategic spot might be looking out for football fans to have towed. It was a game day afterall, and things were getting pretty crowded around town. So we made a big scene out of going to this thrift store to pretend we had a "legitimate" reason to be there. You know. Good consumers. Then when we came back out he was gone. We figured we'd take our chances and go find us them gates of hell.

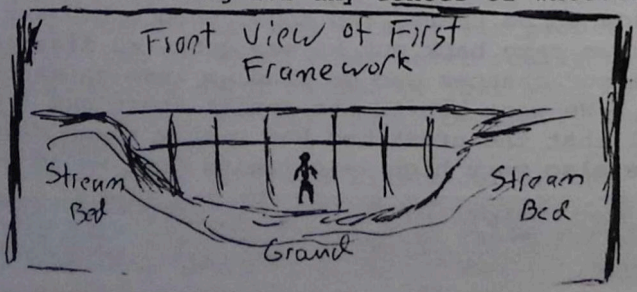
We went behind the thrift store and i could tell that the creek bed had really steep sides that were also very high -- climbing down would be a bit

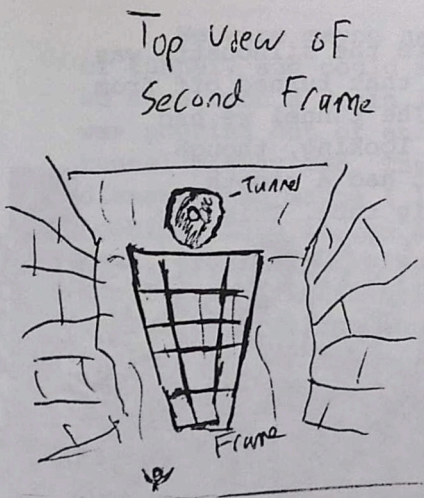
of a chore. But lo and behold! A little bit further back we saw someone had been thoughtful enough to create and maintain a rough dirt road down to the creek. I figured it must be for city workers. They like to do stuff like that. There were a couple of gate/barrier things to keep cars out but nothing that could stop a pedestrian. Hell, there wasn't even a "no trespassing sign." The only weird thing was the guy sitting to the right of the gate on a rock, mostly hidden by tree branches, reading the newspaper. Most of our chatty party didn't even notice him (again, reason for a smaller group) but it was too late by then to turn back any way.

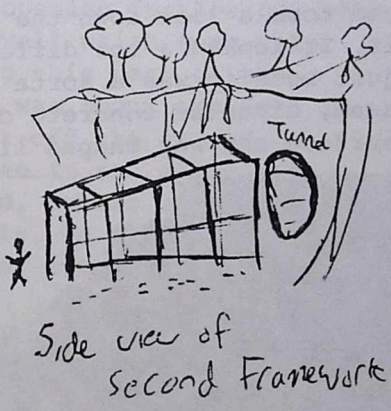
So down the hill/road we went and it did indeed take us down to the creek which, though devoid of water this time of year, was full of loose rocks and litter. There were a few scatterings of graffiti here and there, momentos of those who went before, but nothing impressive or recent looking.

When we got a little closer we saw a tent. It was all set up like someone was camping down there. Maybe it belonged to the guy with the newspaper? We never found out for sure. By this point we could see the Gates of Hell before us including the weird metal framework I mentioned earlier which might have given the place its name. First, quite far from the tunnel itself was a framework that stretched from one side of the ravine to the other. There was a second metal frame right outside of the tunnel with an even stranger shape. I think this stuff is supposed to keep large debris from clogging up the tunnel.

We enjoyed looking at this odd shit for awhile and then crept up to the tunnel entrance. it was pretty tall, you could stand up right in the center of it, but we couldn't see very far at all into its depths. We did see quite a bit of graffiti inside though. So we stayed by the opening for awhile in silence, listening for any echoes of whoever might







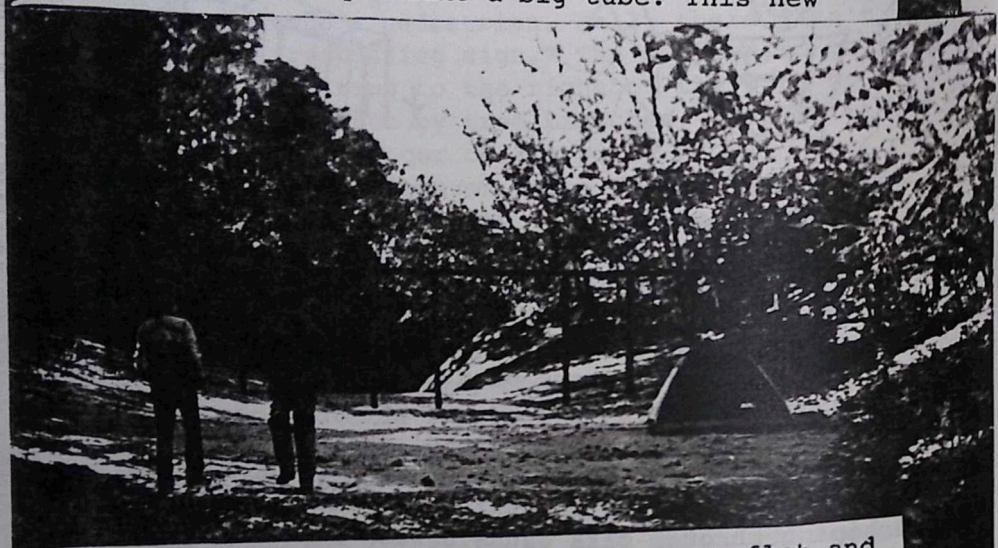
be inside. We heard what sounded like water dripping somewhere up ahead and an occasional booming, which we figured must be cars passing far over head -- but no voices or footsteps. So we entered.

Luckily we brought flashlights with us, not only so we could see, but because I think they add to the fun. There's something fun and exciting about creeping through dark tunnels with some friends -- everybody all nervous and excited-- your imaginations running wild. You just don't get that same feeling sitting around at home or at work all day.

We crept slowly along for awhile, glancing at some of the more interesting graffiti and shining our dim lights tentatively before us. A little dribble of water flowed down the middle of the tunnel to some unseen destination. The tunnel continued straight for awhile but a little way ahead it turned off to the right, hiding whatever might lay in wait there. When we reached this turn and looked down it, we saw it only continued a short way, opened up into a small room of sorts, and then turned left again.

So we were shining our flashlights into the murk to see what was ahead in the small room when we saw this figure standing there. Fortunately or not, I had heard about this before, It was actually a silhouette spray-painted in black on the wall. Even though i was expecting it, it was still really freaky. And you couldn't tell for sure if it was paint until you got closer so you still weren't sure that this wasn't a person. Kudos to whoever put that one there!

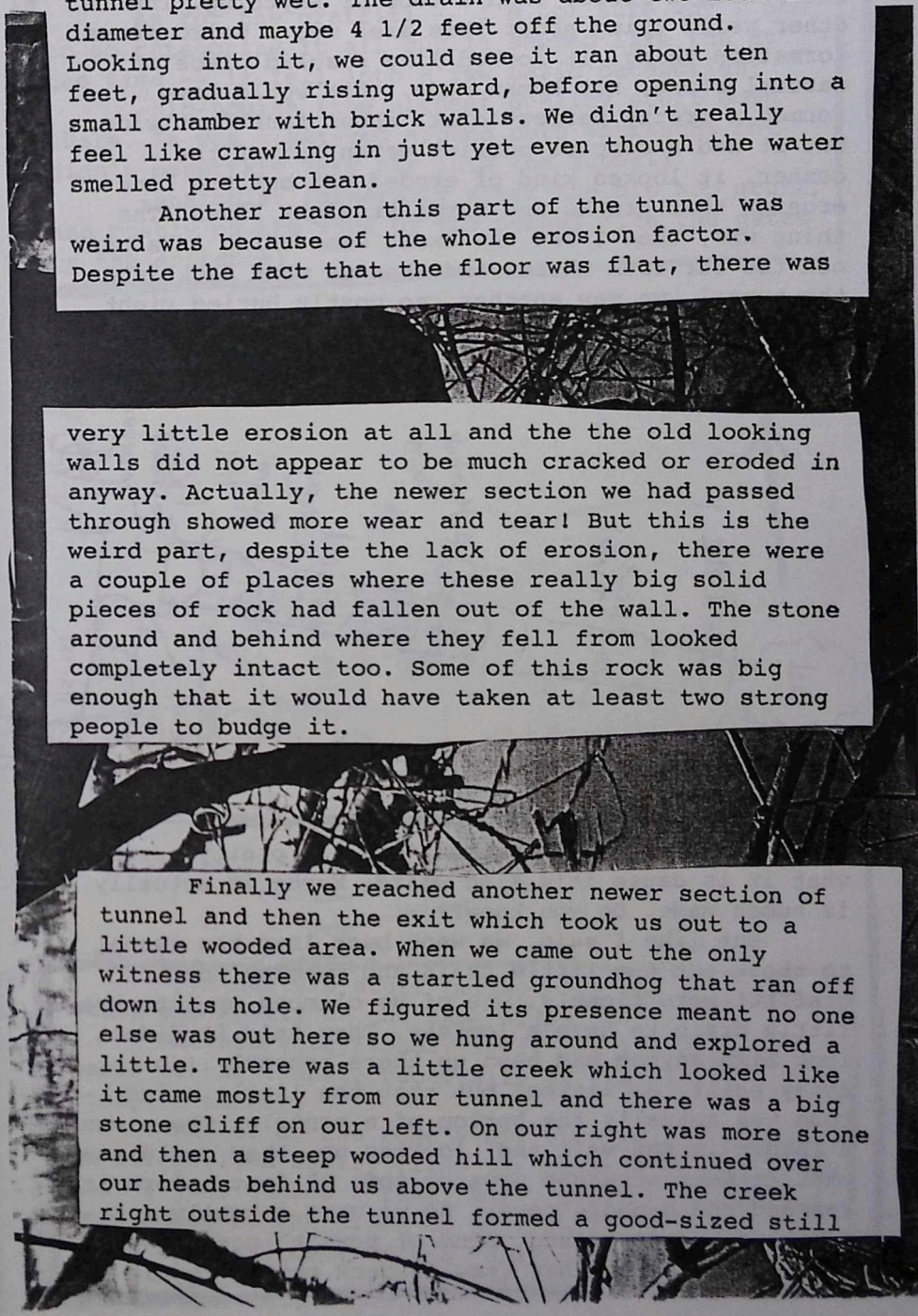
So we got to the room where the silhouette was and took a look down the tunnel that turned off from it. It looked a lot different. The tunnel we had just been in was a sorta modern looking, though aged, circular concrete deal. it had a smooth surface and was shaped like a big tube. This new



tunnel had a much older look. The floor was flat and its ceiling and walls were one and the same, forming an arch just over your head if you crouch a little. Its surface was actually composed of large rough stone blocks. One of us commented that it reminded them of a scene in Ghostbusters II (which I thought was a decent movie until they got the statue of liberty to start walking around), and I think that's a fair comparison. The graffiti in this part of the tunnel got a little weirder too. Much more morbid. We came upon this one little piece of melodrama that said something like "Death is but a door, time is but a window, I'll be back." Despite how silly it was it did have some effect on us considering our setting. Then after a minute or two I realized, "Hey! That's from Ghostbusters II!" Apparently we weren't the only ones that the tunnel reminded of that movie. Besides, this part of the tunnel just kept getting creepier. Some weird strandy slimy shit was hanging down from parts of the ceiling, threatening to get stuck on your face or head if you weren't careful, and in a few spots there was some crap oozing through the rock walls that looked like blood. Most likely it was from clay or iron deposits in the ground around us though.

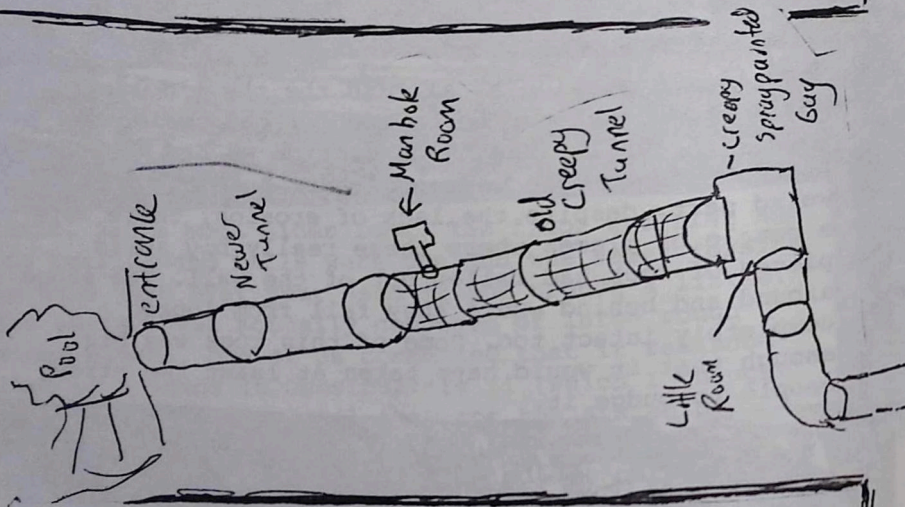
We were maybe halfway down this last segment of tunnel, and could see an opening further up, when we came upon a drain in the wall which some water was pouring out of and making this part of the tunnel pretty wet. The drain was about two feet in diameter and maybe 4 1/2 feet off the ground. Looking into it, we could see it ran about ten feet, gradually rising upward, before opening into a small chamber with brick walls. We didn't really feel like crawling in just yet even though the water smelled pretty clean.

Another reason this part of the tunnel was weird was because of the whole erosion factor. Despite the fact that the floor was flat, there was very little erosion at all and the the old looking walls did not appear to be much cracked or eroded in anyway. Actually, the newer section we had passed through showed more wear and tear! But this is the weird part, despite the lack of erosion, there were a couple of places where these really big solid pieces of rock had fallen out of the wall. The stone around and behind where they fell from looked completely intact too. Some of this rock was big enough that it would have taken at least two strong people to budge it.



Finally we reached another newer section of tunnel and then the exit which took us out to a little wooded area. When we came out the only witness there was a startled groundhog that ran off down its hole. We figured its presence meant no one else was out here so we hung around and explored a little. There was a little creek which looked like it came mostly from our tunnel and there was a big stone cliff on our left. On our right was more stone and then a steep wooded hill which continued over our heads behind us above the tunnel. The creek right outside the tunnel formed a good-sized still

pool. There appeared to be a drain or something feeding water into the pool because part of it was bubbling and kinda forcing the water up in a churning sort of way. We poked at it with a stick but couldn't really find a tube or anything. The other weird thing about this area was a weird stone formation thing. it looked like a solid piece of natural stone, not human made, that would have formed a pretty perfect disk, about four feet wide, but it had a concave portion eaten out of the center. it looked kind of eroded out but the kind of erosion that cracks and forms straight lines. The thing was, that I saw the exact same thing in a park not too far from there. And when we went back into the tunnel, we saw another one mostly buried right underneath the entrance. it doesn't look like any of



the other rock nearby either, and I'm pretty curious what it is cause it's kind weird. Maybe it actually is human made. Do you know??

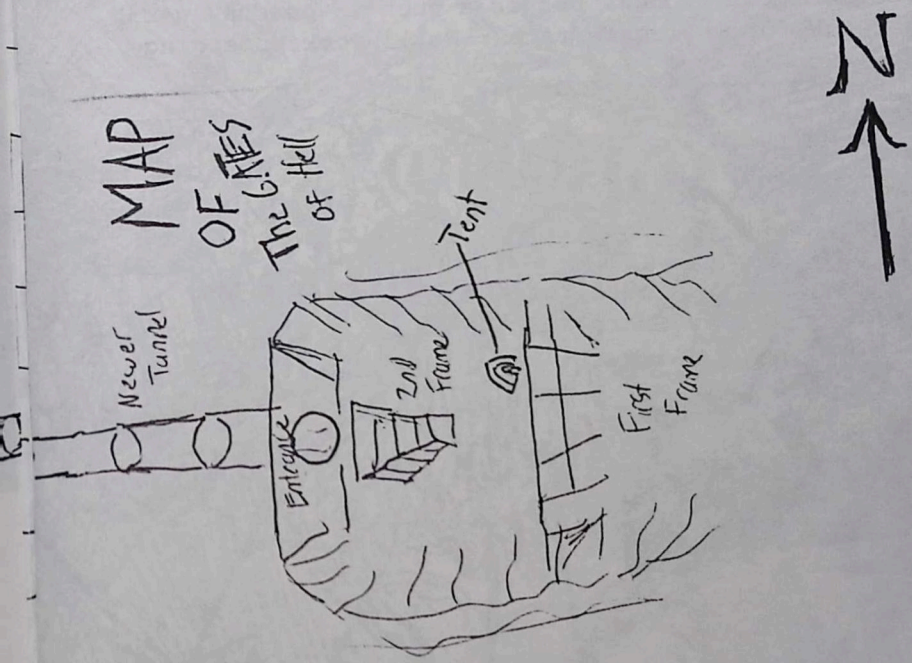
But like I said, we went back into the tunnel to check out the little drain and examine the graffiti more closely. One of us climbed up into the little drain to have a looksey. They said it didn't look like anyone had been up there recently (no spray paint, no litter) but that the little brick room was actually the bottom of a manhole. There was a ladder in the wall and, looking up, they could see that it went straight upwards some 30 feet before it reached the manhole cover. So we were actually pretty far underground. Kind of puts things in perspective. When they crawled back out to rejoin

us, all of the sudden the tunnel got really cold and we got a little freaked out. Like I said, our imaginations were keeping busy.

As for the graffiti -- I'm not sure why I had to go categorize it all but it seemed like fun at the time -- it fell into a few basic categories:

-hip-hopish (the highest quality stuff down there. It was clustered around both entrances but didn't penetrate very far into the tunnel)

-anarchist (generally after the hip hop stuff, and mostly on the side of the tunnel with the gates by the entrance)



-pot culture stuff (mixed with the anarchist stuff and mostly on the same side)

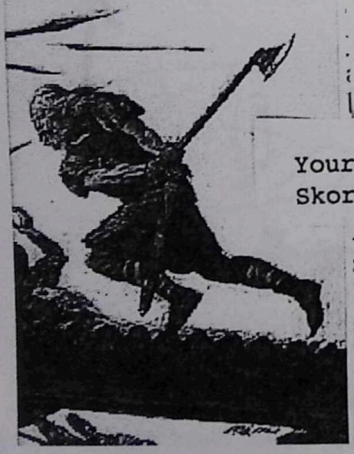
-morbid/gothy/lonely stuff (in the deepest parts of the tunnel, especially in the older, creepier tunnel)

-And of course some stuff that really couldn't be categorized easily (like the black silhouette) or that I just couldn't read. Also, there were several references to the place as hell which is cool to go along with the rest of the folklore.

All in all, i think it was time well spent.

So I guess i can say Columbus has been pretty good to me so far. Any city that has a place called the gates of hell can't be that bad, right? Terra Infirma has found a new home-- at least for a little while. The road always calls and you never know what's next.

As always, feel free to write for whatever reason that motivates you. I'm still using the old address in new york so you can just send stuff there. If you do a zine or wrote a book you'd like reviewed just send it on in. Also, check out our new website, which is the domain of my other TIVO conspirator, Pierre, on the west coast. Back issues 2-3 of TIVO, and additional copies of #4, are available for 2 bucks ppd or a buck in person. get in touch for wholesale rates. We'll work something out.



Yours for the battles to come,
Skorn the Viking

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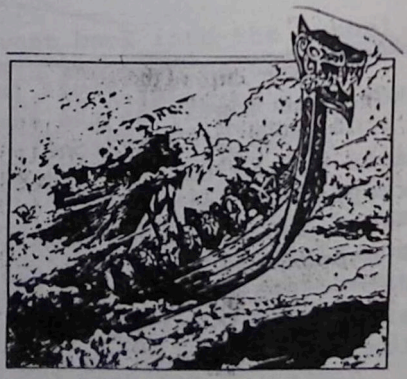
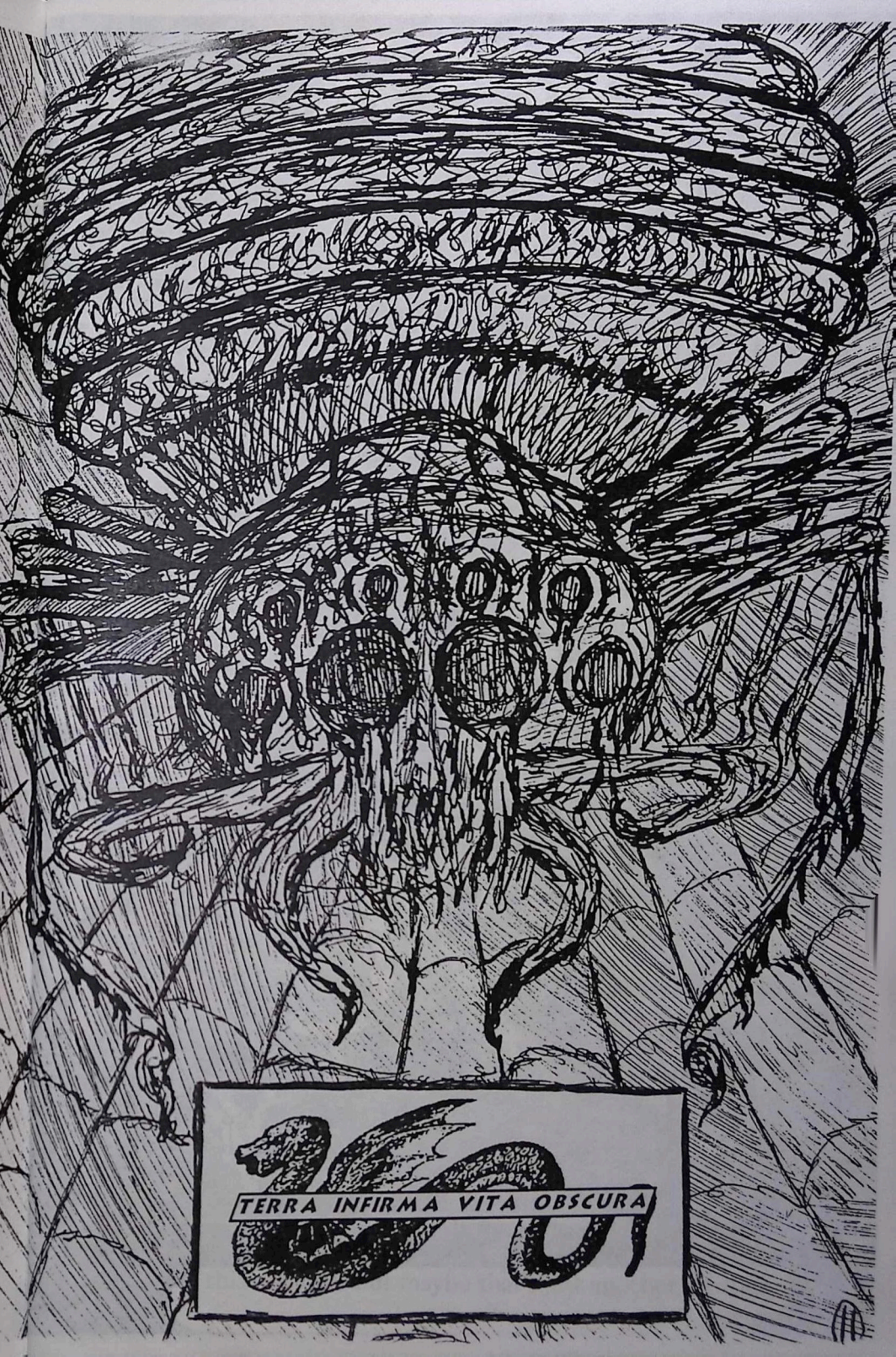
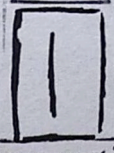



TERRA INFIRMA VITA OBSCURA

POWER
AUTHORITY
CONFORMITY

Imagine if you will that, for some reason, maybe you need some extra cash, you decide to participate in some experiment. You enter this laboratory and sit down in a chair next to five other people that are taking part. There's a man in a lab coat in front of you, whom you know to be the guy behind all this, named Dr. Asch. Next to him is a covered easel which he soon unveils to reveal a big card that is blank save for a big vertical line running up the middle like this:



Then he unveils another card with three vertical lines on it, labeled A through C that looks like this:

Then, after giving you all some time to compare the cards, he asks you and your buddies, one at a time, which line on the second card is the same length as that on the first card. Easy right? Right. Everyone answers correctly.

So, Dr. Asch puts two new cards up. They're pretty much the same except the lengths of the lines are different. Still an easy task though, right? But something seems a bit off this time. Everyone seems to be picking, what to you appears to be, an answer that is incorrect.

Suppose this goes on for some time. New cards keep getting put up. Yet, everyone is picking wrong answers -- the same wrong answer as each other. Are your eyes playing tricks on you? Did you misunderstand the instructions? More importantly -- what do you do? And what the hell is going on?

This was a real experiment conducted by Solomon Asch in the early 1950's. And of course it wasn't a vision test. What he was interested in was conformity -- specifically the power that a group has over an individual in that group. Only one person in the original group of six was actually a test subject, while everyone else was in cahoots with the man behind the plan. They purposely agree on a wrong answer to see if you'll conform to the group. They might even look annoyed or amused if you give a different answer.

Which is all well and good. I don't know about you, but not so long ago I probably would have thought this was kinda silly. Sure we conform to shit all the time whether we realize it or not. But I would've been pretty skeptical of conformity to something this obvious. But maybe that's just another attitude

I got from living in a land where we pretend to value individualism so highly. The results of this experiment, and many like it, reveal a really scary side of conformity.

Now, I apologize for resorting to statistics, but in Asch's deal here, only about 25% of the people who were tested refused to conform at all. Only 25%! Then, 40% conformed sometimes but not too much. I guess they didn't really know what to do. Everyone else conformed in about half of their responses. Let me just mention again how simple the test was. There really is no good reason to give a wrong answer, it was literally right in front of them.

So, why did things turn out this way? Did some people feel uncomfortable standing out? Was it that peer pressure thing we used to hear so much about? Maybe they just figured there was no way the majority could be seeing things wrong. Or maybe they just though, "oh who gives a shit? I'll just go along with it and pick up my two bucks when it's all over." i think maybe that possibility isn't that unlikely, and even though it seems pretty harmless, it could be pretty dangerous in other circumstances.

hey, I know! Why don't I tell you about one? It's another experiment, but one where someone could've gotten hurt or even killed. Sort of. In fact, it was purposely trying to see if people would conform even when pain and death, some serious shit, were involved.

This one was performed by one Stanley Milgram. So crazy old Stanley, you know, he'd bring two volunteers into a lab and assign them each a role: teacher or learner. The teacher was given a list of words organized into groups of two. They were supposed to read a set of words to the learner, and then repeat just the first word, and the learner was supposed to recall the second. If they couldn't remember it the teacher was supposed to give them an electric shock. Worse still, each

wrong answer required the teacher to turn up the voltage. Eventually the shock could go so high that it could physically harm the learner. Pretty fucked up, huh?

Well, actually, it wasn't all that bad. But that is what it seemed like. Our friend *stanley* told the subjects that he was studying the effects of pain on learning performance kinda like that scene in *Ghostbusters*. But you already know that's not true. In fact, maybe you've guessed the gimmick by now too. It turns out that only the teacher role was a real subject and the learner was, once again, in on the whole thing. Hell, they weren't even receiving real shocks. They just faked it. There's a video of this you can get, probably from a library or school or something, if you want to see some bad acting.

But again I must apologize. It's easy for me to sit here giggling but it all seemed really real to the test subjects. They thought they were actually hurting someone, and obviously that bothered them. But apparently it didn't bother them as much as an authority figure's disapproval. Most people when they hear about this are like "Bullshit. I wouldn't go along with it." Which, hopefully, is true. But the fact is that most people did go along with it albeit reluctantly. Oh sure they'd protest and say it was inhuman or that they didn't want to continue but when *staaanley,* who was standing nearby in his official labcoat, calmly told them to continue, they usually did -- even when the learner would scream in alleged pain, complain about heart problems, or cease responding altogether as though unconscious.

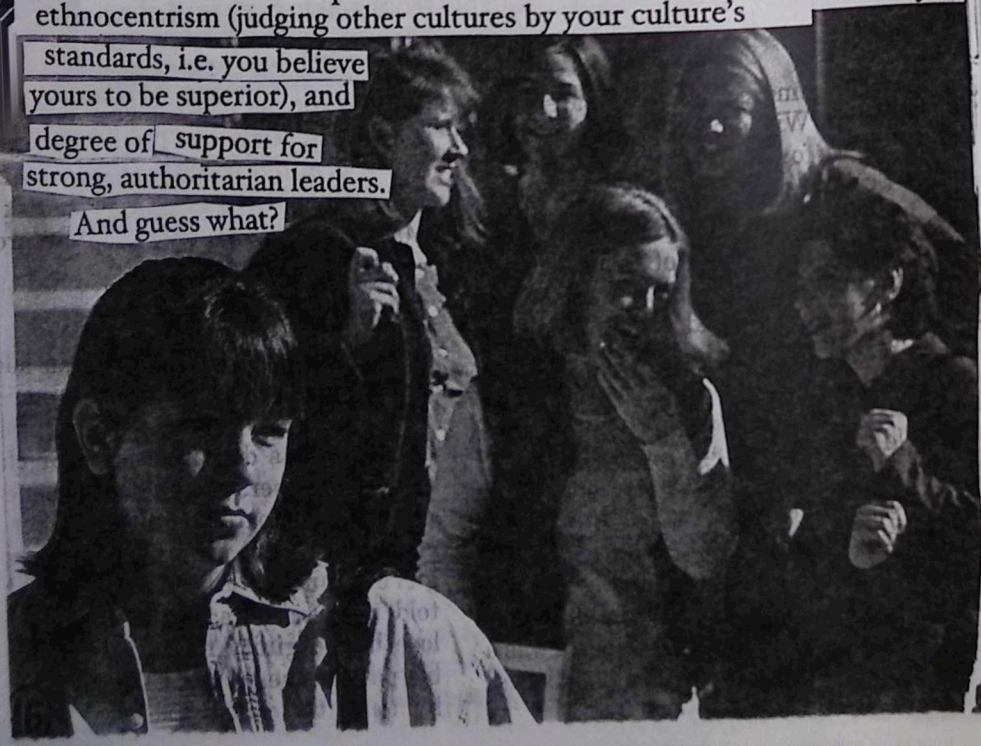
Milgram mixed it up quite a bit too. He would sometimes have two teachers (one real and one planted), or he would be out of sight, or all sorts of other stuff. If the second teacher refused to continue the first would be more likely to as well. So its easier to disobey as a group. No suprise there. Nor is it suprising that disobedience is easier when the authority isn't in sight.

I should mention that this experiment has gotten a lot of flack over the years by people who say it is unethical and pointless. Unethical, huh? Maybe. I'm not such a good judge of that. But pointless? Milgram was trying to understand part of the mentality behind the obedience that led rank-and-file nazis to slaughter innocent people, even when a good number of them didn't really agree with it. I'd say that's pretty damn important. And, wouldn't you know it, it's not like we have to look to history to see dangerous, murderous obedience.

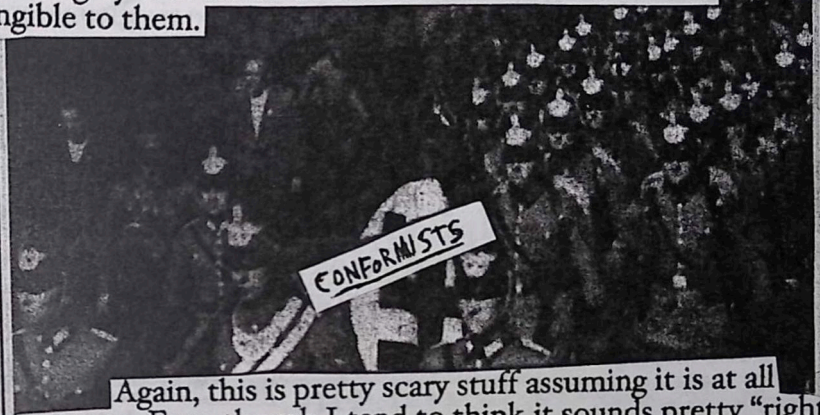
So now we've looked at the power of conformity to the group and conformity to authority. There's just one more thing I want to talk about. Its a book called The Authoritarian Personality written by a guy named Theodor Adorno. He fled from the nazi's before the 'ol WWII because he enjoyed critiquing society -- which is something the nazi's don't enjoy, at least if it is also leveled at *their* society -- which it was. In any case, because of his experiences in this regard, Adorno wanted to find out what caused their bizarre, prejudiced behavior. He had an idea that maybe certain personality types were more prejudiced and bigoted than others and decided to put this idea to the test.

So, to do this he administered tests to two-thousand different people of diverse backgrounds. Actually, he gave each person *three* tests. I'm sure they liked that. Each test measured either the respondent's level of anti-Semitism, ethnocentrism (judging other cultures by your culture's standards, i.e. you believe yours to be superior), and degree of support for strong, authoritarian leaders.

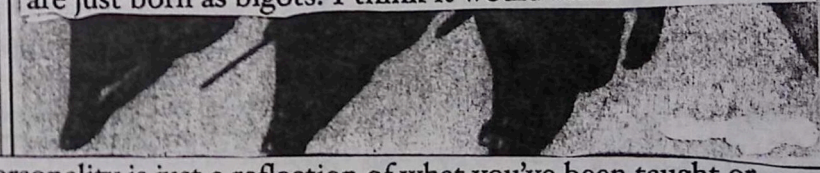
And guess what?



People who scored high on one test also scored high on the other two. From this, and more specific proof in his book, he concluded that people who are highly prejudiced are also insecure conformists. They're submissive to those in charge and need to be told what to do, or rather, prefer being told what to do. They can't handle different points of view or other ways of life -- so they just say that such different things are inferior to their own familiar ways and beliefs. Also, they tend to see things in black and white terms: everything is either one way or the other, for example, right or wrong. The infinite shades of gray that divide all distinctions are invisible and intangible to them.



Again, this is pretty scary stuff assuming it is at all accurate. Even though I tend to think it sounds pretty "right on," I still like to be a little skeptical. You know, not conform immediately to these points of view... I don't think the results of the tests/experiments are too questionable, but the interpretation of the results are certainly open to debate. I mean, say we find out this personality type Adorno talks about really exits. It would be silly to jump the gun and say people are just born as bigots. I think it would make more sense if



personality is just a reflection of what you've been taught or what you've experienced. It's not unchangeable. And in all the stuff that I mentioned here, no one really looks at the role someone's personal ideology, their belief system, might play. Like how racial superiority was the order of the day, not just in germany, but all over the western world before and during world war II. Surely that contributed to people's performance on these tests. Or on the other hand, hell, maybe I'm wrong and americans really have become highly individualized. Maybe if Asch's or Milgram's experiments were performed again, the modern american would do better at not conforming. It's a possibility. But i guess it will all have to remain a big mystery, cause my time here is done...

The Heterosexual Questionnaire

It's an unfortunate reality that we live in a society that, to put it kindly, hates gay folks. Civil rights are all but not existent in this regard. In fact, its still perfectly legal to fire someone on account of their sexuality. As an interesting quirk, the way the law is written, it also makes it legal to fire people for being "straight" or something other than gay too. But we know how it is applied in real life.

So there's all sorts of ridiculous assumptions and beliefs that 'straight' society has about other sexual orientations. how they result from immorality or mental illness for example. Anyone who doesn't conform to their idea of what is normal will have been attacked with such silly ideas.

The following is a list of questions to ask 'straight' people. Generally questions like these are asked to gay people. By turning them around on heterosexuals, the ridiculousness of their assumptions gets pretty obvious. Try 'em out!

1) What do you think caused your heterosexuality?

2) When and how did you first decide you were a heterosexual?

3) Is it possible that your heterosexuality stems from a neurotic fear of others of the same sex?

4) Is it possible that your heterosexuality is just a phase you may grow out of?

5) Isn't it possible that all you need is a good gay lover?

6) Heterosexuals havehistories of failure in gay relationships. Do you think you may have turned to heterosexuality out of fear of rejection?

7) If you've never slept with someone of the same sex, how do you know you won't enjoy it?

8) If heterosexuality is normal, why are a disproportionate number of mental patients heterosexual?

9) To whom have you disclosed your heterosexual tendencies? How did they react?

10) Your heterosexuality doesn't offend me so long as you don't try to force it on me. Why do you people feel compelled to seduce others into your sexual orientation?

11) If you should choose to nurture children, would you want them to be heterosexual, knowing the problems they would face?

12) The great majority of child molesters are heterosexuals. Do you really consider it safe to expose your children to heterosexual teachers?

13) Why do you insist on being so obvious, and making a public spectacle of your heterosexuality? Can't you just be who you are and keep it quiet?

14) How can you ever hope to become a whole person if you limit yourself to a compulsive, exclusive, heterosexual object choice, and remain unwilling to explore and develop your normal, healthy, God-given homosexual potential?

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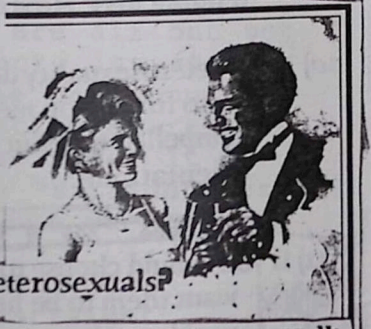
15) Heterosexuals are noted for assigning themselves and each other narrowly restricted, stereo-typed sex-roles. Why do you cling to such unhealthy role-playing?

16) How can you have a fully satisfying sexual experience or deep emotional rapport with a person of the opposite sex, when the obvious, biological, and temperamental differences between you are so vast? How can a man understand what pleases a woman sexually, or vice versa?

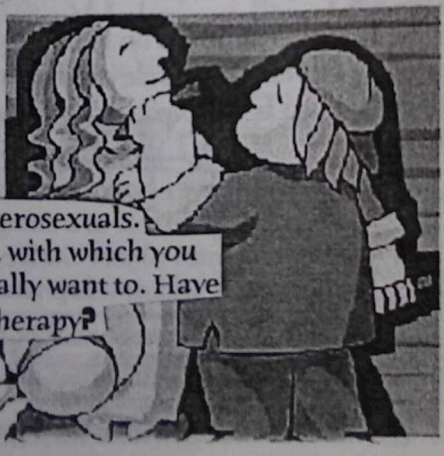
17) Why do heterosexuals put so much emphasis on sex?



18) With all the societal support marriage receives, the divorce rate is spiraling. Why are there so few stable relationships among heterosexuals?

19) Shouldn't you ask fringe types, like swingers, Hell's Angels, and Jesus Freaks, to conform more? Wouldn't that improve your image?

20) How could the human race survive if everyone were heterosexual, considering the menace of overpopulation?



21) There seem to be very few happy heterosexuals. Techniques have been developed with which you might be able to change if you really want to. Have you considered trying aversion therapy?

22) Do heterosexuals hate or distrust others of the same sex? Is that what makes them heterosexual?

23) Why are heterosexuals so promiscuous?

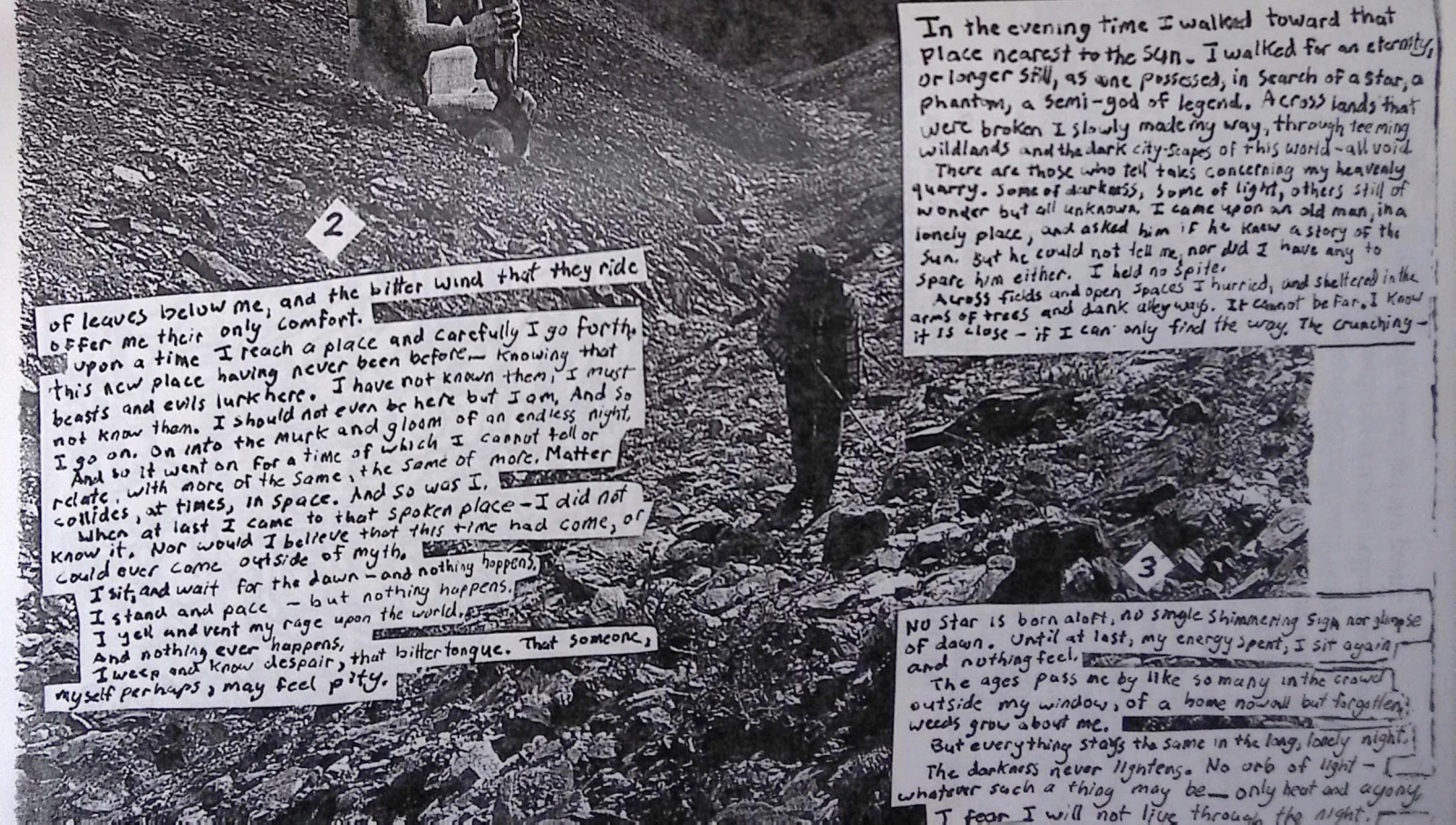
24) Could you really trust a heterosexual therapist to be objective and unbiased? Don't you fear he/she might be inclined to influence you in the direction of her/his own feelings?

The point of all this, I should mention, is not to belittle heterosexuals like many have belittled gays, but to show how foolish and narrow-minded these sorts of questions are. It's a rare event when a straight person has to deal with such nonsense.

Despite these intentions getting asked such questions tends to piss people off. Which is understandable! I think these would be best asked to people who are somewhat open-minded since they're more likely to listen and not just react.

One of my friends tried using this as an exercise with her class and it didn't go over to well. The most outspoken in the class happened to be the most homophobic and, well, you can imagine where that went. One of the students actually yelled out, "Isn't this for homos?" They obviously didn't get the point.

ST


2
of leaves below me, and the bitter wind that they ride
offer me their only comfort.
Upon a time I reach a place and carefully I go forth.
this new place having never been before— knowing that
beasts and evils lurk here. I have not known them, I must
not know them. I should not even be here but I am, And so
I go on. On into the murk and gloom of an endless night,
And so it went on for a time of which I cannot tell or
relate, with more of the same, the same of more. Matter
collides, at times, in space. And so was I.
When at last I came to that spoken place - I did not
know it. Nor would I believe that this time had come, or
could ever come outside of myth.
I sit and wait for the dawn - and nothing happens.
I stand and pace - but nothing happens.
I yell and vent my rage upon the world.
And nothing ever happens,
I weep and know despair, that bitter tongue. That someone,
myself perhaps, may feel pity.
In the evening time I walked toward that
place nearest to the sun. I walked for an eternity,
or longer still, as one possessed, in search of a star, a
phantom, a semi-god of legend. Across lands that
were broken I slowly made my way, through teeming
wildlands and the dark city-scapes of this world - all void.
There are those who tell tales concerning my heavenly
quarry. Some of darkness, some of light, others still of
wonder but all unknown. I came upon an old man, in a
lonely place, and asked him if he knew a story of the
sun. But he could not tell me, nor did I have any to
spare him either. I held no spite.
Across fields and open spaces I hurried, and sheltered in the
arms of trees and dank alleyways. It cannot be far. I know
it is close - if I can only find the way. The crunching -
3
NO star is born aloft, NO single shimmering sign nor glimpse
of dawn. Until at last, my energy spent, I sit again
and nothing feel.
The ages pass me by like so many in the crowd
outside my window, of a home now all but forgotten;
weeds grow about me.
But everything stays the same in the long, lonely night.
The darkness never lightens. No orb of light -
whatever such a thing may be— only heat and agony.
I fear I will not live through the night.

Light, Please.....
1

REVIEWS

ZINES

949 Market ($?,1/2 sized, 74pp.)
For years the old building stood silent and abandoned on San Francisco's Market Street, "where buildings are worth more when they're hollow and empty." Until at last a group of squatters discovered it and turned it into something wonderful. They fixed it up, served free food, ran free movie screenings, had bands play, and just had fun while creating a true community space. But as they, (and they say a lot of things), all good things come to an end. In time the police came and shut it down. Then the workmen came to shutter it up -- and the sad, old building was left empty and unused once again. Those who had found a home there were homeless again. Those who had found a free meal went hungry again. And those who used their creativity to do something positive were left to follow their hearts away to other places. And according to their own words, they "didn't want the punkass motherfuckers who kicked them out to have the last word." And so a zine was born. Part cry of despair, part shout of defiance, but also a message of hope and inspiration -- a promise of things yet to come. Contact: Zara, 3288 21 Street., PMB#79, San Francisco CA 94110.

Caveat Lector #1 (free!, half-sized, 46pp.) "Let the reader beware" warns the title of this zine. In fact, all zines with latin titles have a certain ring to them don't they? Yes they do. The intro says that this is a platform for inmates to express their feelings and emotions, which I think is a worthy cause. The zine is primarily made up of news-type articles and experimental fiction. I like the cut and paste layout. Appropriate to the title, the background of the pages is all made up of classified ads from the newpaper. There's also quite a few witty collages throughout. Contact: I don't have the editor's new address. Drop me a line if your interested though, I might know by time you read this.

Caveat Lector #2 (free!,1/2 sized, 70pp) Actually the third issue of this zine (there was a #0), this newest installation keeps true to the original in style and content. There's experimental fiction, nifty collages, a few good old-fashioned rants, and interesting news-type columns. I certainly prefer to read caveat lector over the daily paper. The topics approached include violence against women across the globe, the messed up situation with california prison paroles because of gov davis, killing for oil, fumbled lab testing on prisoners, the horrendous state of affairs with america's "clean" water supply and how the EPA is doing their part to make it worse, and a whole lot of other stuff. Caveat Lector is still

visually appealing too with it's quasi-newspaper look and ample illustration. Besides--you can't beat the price. (See note on contact info above).

El Cumpleanos de Paco: A Novel by Mickey Hess ($?, 1/2 sized, 96pp) Mickey spins a good yarn! The zine seems to be a sort of story of a big chunk of his life and he has a definite ability in finding the humor and strangeness in every situation (by the way, it's written in english in case your wondering). The whole thing has this nostalgic quality to it that makes everything feel kind of epic -- and entertaining! I'm a little confused by the first paragraph of each chapter which seems to be a collection of random sentences, but it adds to the feel of the whole thing somehow. Get this and you won't be disappointed. I wonder what else mickey is up to these days and if he's still writing about it? Contact: miceyhess@hotmail.com, www.louisville.edu/~mshess01/blue4.html

Fragments #2 ($2,full size,48pp.) The title fits this zine well - but in a good way. This hefty issue is an intelligent and artistic exploration of power. Althought the intro says its not supposed to be comprehensive it sure seems like it is. It's composed of tons of pieces and reflections on different aspects of power and different situations. For example: power in preliterate cultures, power of community, power over nature, institutional power, political power, power and sex, power of fear... and so on. It's all pretty compelling and gives reasons for hope as well as f despair. Contact:Po box 2825 Santa Ana CA 92799.

Here Be Dragons #8 ($?, 1/2 sized 44pp.) "A Political Fanzine" proclaim the subtitle. But lest you be put off, le me tell you that this isn't some part newspaper you would expec someone to try to peddle at a rally. Actually, its a neat little personal/political zine. There is a great narrative about one of the editor's experiences as a new teacher dealing with racism in his class (I think he handled it well by the way). This issue also features columns about experiences in working for a non-profit org, the importance of the Industrial Workers of the World super union, the story of the decision making process at the Mr.Roboto community space in Pittsburgh, and a bunch of other diverse topics somewhat along these lines (if that makes sense). Perhaps best of all -- there's an octopus on the cover, which is possibly one of the neatest creatures ever. Contact: H.B.D., Po box 8131, Pittsburgh PA 15217.

La Nausea #0 ($?, 20pp, in spanish) Anarchism Mexican Style! It's got a certain artistic flair to it too. There's an interview with the band Xool, articles on globalization, Vieques, the history of food not bombs, an end to patriarchy, and several other subjects. There's lot's of political illustrations, a good number of which look original. I don't know if your copy will or not, but mine has a pretty red, heavy stock paper cover. ¡Viva La Resistencia! Contact: Apartado Postal 1-424, C.P.

83000, Hermosillo, Sonora. Mexico. Email:bruja_scarlata@hotmail.com

Neo-Zine #17 ($1, 16pp) This is the resurrection, or reanimation, of what once was Neo-Barbaric,a fine underground music zine that consisted of reviews and interviews. Apart from the new name and format (it's printed now instead of the old cut and paste photocopied version) the only difference I can spot is the lack of zine reviews. Which is fine because there never were that many and I don't think Carnal H. Coitus, the editor, was that into doing them. So what you get are really descriptive reviews covering a huge range of different typs of music. All are well written and have a certain charm --CHC is obviously really passionate about them. Also, the interviews are still there, and the continued policy of printing underground ads for free which is something I really respect. i hope the new changes work out for neozine, it's eally a great resource. Contact:PO ox 144, Ashville PA 16613. email: hcoitus@hotmail.com.

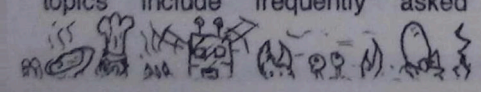
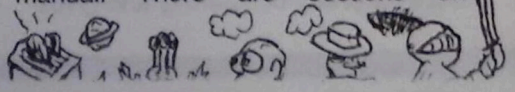
Neo-ZIne #18

Pretty much just like above. No interviews this time though. Same contact info.

Obeja Negra #1($?,full size,32pp. written in spanish) This is another great Mexican anarcho-punk zine. There's a lot of articles about the resistence and the pursuit of equality. You'll also find some interviews (Sin Dios, Last Chance, Resistencia Activa) and more artistic writing pieces (including a couple of poems). Article topics include frequently asked questions about (and arguments against) anarchism, a couple sections about Bakunin, a column on how the border with the U.S. (and all borders) is bullshit, a Zapatista communique about sexual diversity, and plenty more. Contact:Apartado Postal 1-424, C.P. 83000, Hermosillo, Sonora. Mexico. Email:obeja_acrata@hotmail.com

Recluse ZIne #6 ($1.25,half sized, 36pp.) Column based zine with a variety of both topics and writers. Inside you'll find some interesting ponderings on individualism vs. communitarianism, notes on the loosing battle in animal cruelty legislation, going back to school, conspiracy theories regarding 9/11, an interview with a Montreal ARA member, even DIY money management tips. There's also some more personal stuff in here like thoughts on still being young (even when you're older),and a touching piece on someone kinda reconnecting with their father. You'll find the requisite zine and book reviews but also movie reviews and a free classified ad section. Contact:Po box 09558, Columbus OH 43209.

Smashing the Image Factory ($?, 1/2 sized, 16pp) In the interest of combatting mechanisms of ideological domination, our friends at the Institute of Media Deconstruction have made available to us this "complete manual of billboard subversion and destruction." Some of this is the author's original material and some is lifted from the Earth First ecodefense manual. There are sections on

billboard redecoration, creative uses for photocopiers, billboard felling (bringing the whole frickin thing down!), some ideas for using paint, and some other related topics. There are quite a few pictures of billboards and signs that have been altered in very fitting ways. You might find this somewhat short as it clocks in at a only16 pages, but its a good intro to a subject that is certainly worth knowing about. Contact: The Institute of Media Deconstruction, c/o Box A, 111 Magdalen Road, Oxford OX4.

SORE #14(1/2 sized, 48 pp) I've had a lot of trouble reviewing this for some reason. I'm really not sure why, especially since I like it. Basically it's another column-based zine but someting about it feels different so i don't really want to call it that. It kinda draws you in more and feels more contemplative. A lot of this is devoted to reviews of zines and music. Also, there seems to be a lot of space devoted to reading books in this issue. Like a column where the author discovers a love of poetry and another about trying (and succeeding) to read "a fat novel by a dead russian." There's several other things in here too that are really good. I liked the new 'punk work' column. This one features interviews with two punks who are also teachers. A pleasure to read. Contact: SORE 'Zine, PO box 68711, Viginia beach, VA 23471. email: SOREzine@aol.com.

Stolen Sharple Revolution ($3ppd.,1/4 sized, 96pp.) It's got a great name doesn't it? And its inspired by DIY ethics to encourage DIY projects. A thick little thing with a sorts of topics covered. There's stu on zines (about the tools of the trade revision, layout, binding, etc.), ski share topics (blockprinting silkscreening, paper-making bookbinding, stenciling), making copies, zinester etiquette, distro tips, mail tips, mail crafts, and a bunch of other stuff. The price is a bit steep, in my opinion, but there is no denying the quality of the content. Contact:alex wrekk, PO box 14332, Portland Oregon 97293.

BOOKS

Guevara: Also Known as Che
by Paca Ignacio Taibo II
This is one of the several biographies out there about the famous revolutionary Ernesto "Che" Guevara. Malicea gave me this one cause she knew I was hankering to learn more about the guy. And let me tell you, if you read it you'll be neither bored nor dissapointed.

Let's talk about content before style. Che led a really lively existence. He was born in Argentina, became a doctor, and travelled around Latin America in style -- for example, thumbing it or riding double on a motor bike with his friend (which they built themselvs and which, predictably, broke apart on them leaving them stranded). When in Mexico he met a certain someone by the name of Fidel Castro. Before long he joined up with Castro and his revolutionary crew to liberate Cuba from the infamous dictator (and yankee puppet) Fulgencio Batista. Obviously this revolution succeeded,

but it's amazing that it did. Che and Fidel set sail for Cuba, with something like 80 comrades, in a leaking, sinkey boat (the Granma). They managed to mobilize a popular revolt an overthrew an army that was 35,000 strong. There's tons of info on how the revolution proceeded to this ultimate victory and of the even more difficult task of building a nation (See TIVO#3 for Derek's article on "the success of socialism in cuba"). In short there's all sorts of stuff that we are rarely allowed to learn about behind the subtle iron curtain of western capitalism. Hell, until only a few years ago I was still convinced Castro was no better than Stalin based soley on the crap I had been told. I thought that I had long ago excised such propagandized misinformation from my mind but I guess I was wrong. Makes me kinda wonder what else is lingering in there that I haven't noticed. But that's another topic altogether.

Che worked for several years trying to build up the Cuban economy, serving in high ranking positions in the administration. The book makes it clear that he derived no pleasure from rank. In fact, throughout his life, Che lived according to his egalitarian ideas. he never took extra benefits from his position but kept everything equal. When Cuba was experiencing food shortages he found out that he was being rationed a somewhat larger share of food because of his rank -- and he had it cut so that his was the same as everyone else's. And all of this sort of behavior was at the same time that he did more than his share of the work. In general, he rarely would allow himself time to sleep or relax or have any luxury. He kind of reminds me of Malcom X in some ways. In any case, you find out that Che's reality is more impressive than his legend.

He wasn't content to sit on his victory and rank but instead wanted to spread socialism and end oppression throughout the world. This desire brought him to Africa where he tried to aid a fledgling revolution. This attempt failed, but instead of giving up, he eventually went to Bolivia from where he hoped to launch a Pan-Latin American revolution. Yet, sadly, this too failed, due to U.S. counterinsurgency, and Che met his end in the land that he loved at the hands of Bolivian rangers and CIA operatives.

It's a long book -- almost seven hundred pages. I'm really suprised I actually read it all, but then again I really liked it, so maybe I shouldn't be. The reviewer comments that decorate the cover say something to the effect that the book reads like a novel. But I'm going to disagree. I have no problem with the way it's written but the only resemblence it has to a novel is the plot -- which seems far-fetched but is really true, at least so far as i can tell. There's something like a hundred pages of notes for sources and also a good number of pictures. The author really seems to have put a lot of hard work into this.

Perhaps one of the best achievments of this book is how well it conveys what Che was like as a person: Ascetic, crude, idealistic, hard-working -- but also kind, generous, and full of a weird sense of humor I'm sure we could all appreciate. I definitely recommend that you check this out if it sounds at all interesting.

Homage to Catalonia

by George Orwell

I once got a review for TiVO criticising me for reviewing old books. Well, I guess only new things have any value right? I think I'll risk another old book anyway. A lot of people are really into this so I thought I'd check it out, especially since anything else I've ever read by him is really good.

This is an excellent book about the Spanish Civil War by the author of Animal Farm and 1984. Actually I'd rather say it's about the Spanish Revolution, but for some reason we seem to refer to failed revolutions as civil wars. The book kinda uses two forms of, I guess I'll call it, discourse. One is a personal narrative style and the other discusses everything in more of a historical-political kind of perspective. Either way, it's never dry and always pretty personal. Orwell actually warns which parts are more dry and suggests you skip them if you'd like.

The way things were during this time in Spain seem really hard to imagine as ever being real to me. Which is not to say that I don't believe it, 'ol George seems pretty honest afterall, though I must admit I never met him. It would be kind of hard at this point. The reason it's hard to picture is precisely because of the reality of it -- how radical it was to begin with:

"The Anarchists were still in virtual control of Catalonia and...the aspect of Barcelona was something startling and overwhelming. It was the first time I had ever been in a town where the working class was in the saddle. Practically every building of any size had been seized by the workers and was draped with red flags or with the red and black flags of the anarchists...almost every church had been gutted and its images burnt. Churches here and there were being systematically demolished by gangs of workmen. every shop and cafe had an inscription saying that it had been collectiviized; even the bootblacks had been collectivized and their boxes painted red and black. Waiters and shop-walkers looked you in the face and treated you as an equal. Servile and even ceremonial forms of speach had temporarily disappeared. Nobody said 'Señor' or 'Don' or even 'Usted'; instead everyone called everyone else 'Comrade' and 'Thou,' and said 'Salud!' instead of 'Buenos dias.' ...There were no private motor cars, they had all been comandeered, and all the trams and taxis and much of the other transport were painted red and black. The revolutionary posters were everywhere, flaming from the walls in cleans reds and blues that made the few remaining advertisements look like daubs of mud. Down the Ramblas, the wide central artery of the town where crowds of people streamed constantly to and fro, the loud-speakers were bellowing revolutionary songs far into the night. And it was the aspect of the crowds that was the queerest thing of all. In outward appearence it was a town in which the wealthy classes had practically ceased t exist. Except for a small number of wome and foreigners there were no 'well dressed' people at all. Practically everyone wore rough working-class clothes, or blue overalls or some variant of the militia uniform. All this was queer and moving. There was much of it that I did not understand., in some ways I did not even like it, but I recognized it immediately as a state of affairs worth fighting for. "

Unfortunately this didn't last. So basically there was a war between two sides in Spain just preceding world war II. The Fascists, led by

Franco and supported by the Nazi's, on one side and a disparate coalition of anti-fascists on the other: Republicans, Right-wing and left-wing communists, socialists, and anarchists. One of the things that is so interesting about all this is just how powerful and popular the anarchists were. Orwell argues that were it not for organized anarchist resistence when the fascists first acted , Spain would have fallen immediately because no one else was doing anything about it. But-alas- this deliciate alliance fell apart. The more conservative elements conspired against the more radical. They claimed that the radicals were fascist infiltrators in Franco's pay (even though they were doing most of the fighting against Franco).

Some of the events that occurred at this point seem like they provided some of the inspiration for 1984. The ways in which information was controlled and lies were manufactured. For example, the communist press would print contradictory stories all the time to make the radicals look bad. They would never admit the error or correct it. They just manipulated things in a carefully orchestrated manner to seize power. It's kind of hard to explain in what is supposed to be a short review, but which is turning out to be quite long, but its more evident when you read it.

Also there is the state of terror and persecution following their seizure of power. They tried to arrest everyone who was a member of, or close to members of, the revolutionary marxists. This included orwell, who got out with his wife a step ahead of the "authorities" thanks to some friendly warnings. Secret police roamed the streets and just took people away, often never to be seen again. Orwell describes walki
ng down the street and seeing old friends from the frontlines and having to pretend they didn't recognize each other. It's scary stuff. Somehow he manages to make it less depressing though as it has somehow given him hope. It's actually a really exciting and inspiring book.

The IRA: A History
by Tim Pat Coogen

I've been trying to read this book, on and off again, for something like two years. And it's not because its bad or anything, in fact I really liked it. It's just really long and overflowing with detailed information that is hard to internalize easily. So after like a month or so of reading it I would just put in on the shelf for awhile to read other stuff,and then get back to it later.

In any case, this is the story of the Irish Republican Army, a pretty controversial, militant organization that's been around for quite awhile. Actually, there are a few factions of the IRA too, so it's problematic to treat it like one group. The book discusses how the situation in Ireland is much more complex than a simple religious conflict (which also goes for the Israel conflict) though we are often led to believe so over here across the sea. It says a lot about how complicated the situation is when you look at all the failed attempts at a resolution that have ocurred over the years. There's all sorts of other issues involved: like

the massive discrimination against catholics in the north, protestant fear of becoming a powerless minority should Ireland be reunited, British dreams of retaining the remnants of its empire, and so much more.

Although the IRA has had its share of atrocious behavior, it seems to be very much misunderstood as well. Coogen is by no means an IRA apologist, but he certainly puts things into the context within which they occur. Most of the operations conducted by the IRA are not random acts of violence but calculated political strategizing. A lot of the bombing that went on was done to cause monetary damage to the British and warnings were given before hand so there would be less bloodshed. Of course this didn't often go according to plan, but the intention was there at least I guess. The IRA has had pretty extensive links with the PLO if that gives you some idea of the perspective they have.

Also, the way in which people so easily label them as terrorists is kind of suspcious, like that label usually is, when you consider that all sides involved in this conflict have committed terrorist acts. Loyalist paramilitary groups in northern Ireland often kill pretty randomly, many times after torturing their victims for example. But the English seem to take the cake as far as questionable behavior goes, especially considering the fact that they are supposedly a 'legitimate' administration. English special forces (SAS) are used to just hunt down and kill suspects and ask questions later. The english gov also has infiltrated pretty much every faction in the conflict and uses the info thus gathered for its own ends instead of using it to bring an and to the killing.

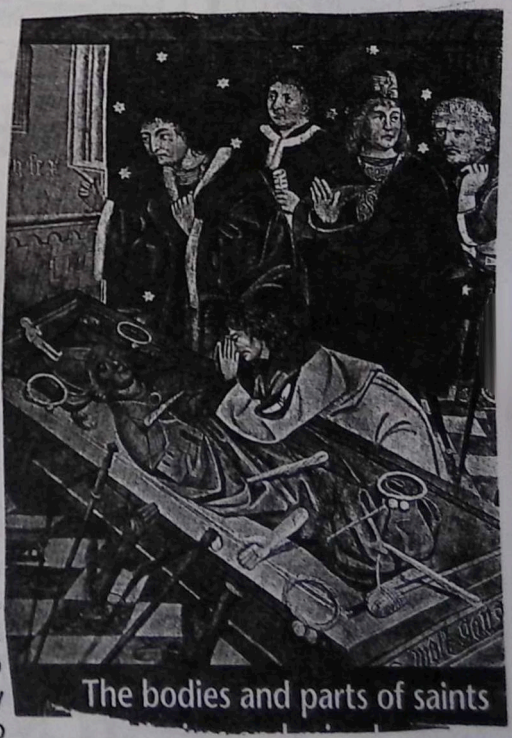
I wouldn't say that I have a real clear opinion on the whole matter, but I certainly feel like the book has given me the tools to develop one in time.

If you write a zine or have a book you'd like to be reviewed in the next TIVO, send it to:

Terra Infirma--Vita Obscura

[redacted]

Make sure to include a note saying what its for, with info like price, whether you accept trades, etc.



The bodies and parts of saints

Social Norms

It's weird how some behavior is perfectly acceptable in some situations and not in others.

Like Playing Baseball...

At a Funeral or something

But elevators are even better!

No one talks about it, but elevators have really strict codes of conduct.

Ye olde code of the elevator

which makes them really great places to act up.

So some buddies and I went deep under-cover to violate those laws of normal behavior cleverly disguised.

Skan Viking

Ishmael Carrot

Masked paperclip

We decided to use the elevators in the library where I used to work for our battlefield. Our attacks would be subtle breaches of normalcy.

Like Talking. You're not supposed to talk in elevators for some reason. It seems to make people uncomfortable.

Oh oh. It happened again

We tried it normally at first, which worked well enough - but not nearly as well as talking over people or to ourselves.

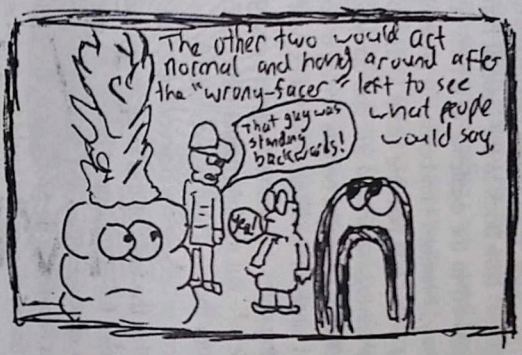
Do you like waffles?

Sure do!

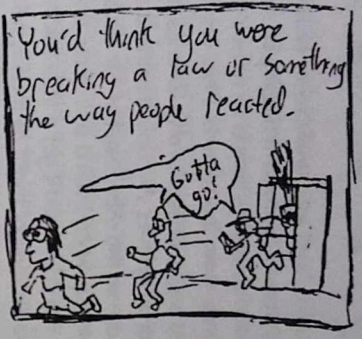
Mutter mutter...

People also seem pretty fixated on the idea that they should always face forward and watch the numbers go by.

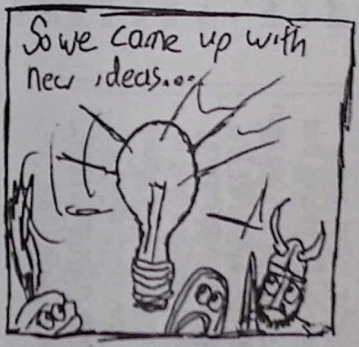
So of course one of us would stand "backwards" or face the corner. This really made people nervous.



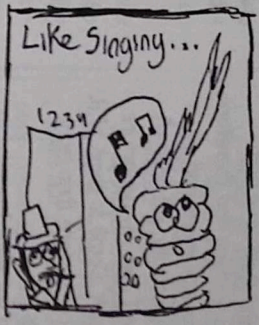
You'd think you were breaking a law or something the way people reacted.



So we came up with new ideas...

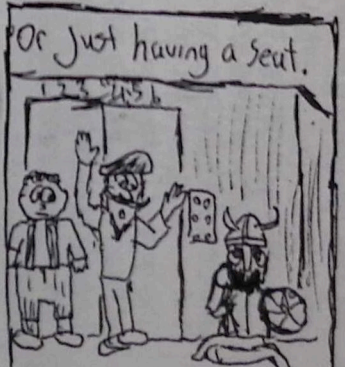


Like Singing...

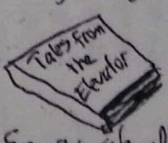


Dancing...

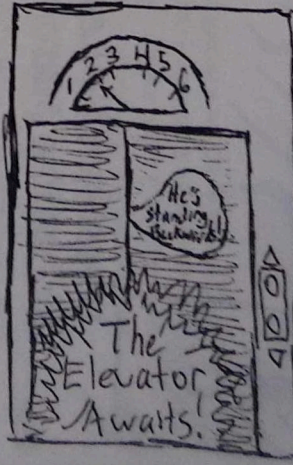
Or just having a seat.



It's all well and good to read about, but you have to go try it yourself to really enjoy it.



So go ahead...



Investigative Reports: Regarding Masonry

A while back I had the unfortunate experience of working in a library. In other words I got a job. I've had worse jobs, but let's face it, working is working and therefore a thing to be avoided much like infectious diseases and jehovah's witnesses. I slaved away (well, actually, sat around) at the job for about six months before I quit, my departure being due to this simple aversion to work. Come to think of it, I don't think I've ever stayed at any job for more than eight months or so. I think it's a good policy.

But this is just a preface and not what I wanted to talk about, but something far more sinister. What murky secrets lay secretly in the dark? Unseen by the masses that pass nearby -- however close to stumbling over what has been unknown for ages. Unknown and unguessed -- save only to those few privy to the inner mysteries. Those gatekeepers that we may often see, but whose hidden identities elude us. They go about by day as you and I, tending to to the affairs of the prosaic life. But -- by night -- they creep about in lonely places where the winds howl wildly in the empty void. They are among us even now...

that the book was 'available' or being borrowed, it would say 'withdrawn'. Likewise, a missing or stolen book would be labeled as such. There is no reason for it to disappear entirely from the records. I had originally looked up how many copies existed in ohio libraries and saw abut five or six at various places. A couple months later this dropped down to like one or two. Also, most of the websites on the internet that showed up when I ran a search for the book disappeared as well. My friend and I got a little wacky and started hiding books we thought might go missing next. If there was any rational behind it all, I definitely don't remember.

So, yeah, books can be pretty interesting.

Now back to the issue at hand. One day I was tipped off to the existence of a man who was frequenting the library. I noticed him before: a seemingly befuddled, older man with white hair. He came to the library several times a week always wearing a suit and carrying an expensive-looking briefcase. I thought he was writing a book or something at first since he would stay for hours pouring through books and taking notes. He seemed innocent enough.

But my informants were on the inside. Of the library that is. The man was actually an operative of an elitist secret society -- a masonic brother on a special assignment. Within the walls of this large library (something like thirteen stories full of millions of books), he spent his time peering into obscure tomes and compiling notebooks of information. This knowledge he procured at the request of masons stationed all over the world to whom he provided his findings.

Who are they of whom I speak? Why -- the masons of course! . Mortar and concrete? Oh no! Sure, they may claim to be eccentric, little old men -- funny but innocent -- but I think we all know, or at least suspect, otherwise.

You see -- I was quite bored on the job. We all know the feeling. Under such circumstances its appropriate to come up with ways to amuse yourself. Sometimes some of my friends would come by and we'd race around on the book carts or try to get into places we weren't supposed to go. Another way to pass the time was to read all these fucking books that, for some reason, seemed to be everywhere in the place. Some of these were pretty weird too. I happened upon a book of paintings created by one Adolf Hitler at one point. I always wondered what he painted before his career goals went elsewhere, but I didn't really suspect innocuous landscapes and cityscapes. They were kinda pretty. For some reason that bothered me more than if they were all gore and blood. Then there was this other book I happened upon called "Dictionairre Infernal." It was a tiny little thing, all falling apart, that was written completely in french and was published in the 19th century. I found out that it was an extremely rare work about demons and hell and that it would cost several hundred dollars to buy a copy. Then one day it just disappeared. From the shelf and from the electronic card catalogue. I asked my boss about the protocol the library uses when it removes a book from the collection. He said there would still be a record of it, but instead of saying

So here I had before me a few opportunities. One was simply to observe a mason. Not too uncommon that. But, secondly, if I played my cards right, I could find out what he was researching and, therefore, what other masons were busying themselves with. And also -- it was just a fun way to amuse myself. So i began a ruthless campaign of observation and spying that ate up many a minimum-wage paid hour.

Sometimes Ishmael de Greasy would aid in the cause, sometimes i struggled on alone. The mason would be working at a table and we would watch from among the bookshelves, peering at him between the gaps in the shelves like a couple of wierdos in some old cartoon. When he got up to put books back or get new ones we'd simply disappear into the mist --er -- dust. (Believe it or not there actually is some technique necessary for this. The floor is loud and there isn't much cover. I got pretty good at hiding from security as they went about their patrols). When he went to another floor, one of us would play look-out while the other went to riffle through his stuff. You know, in retrospect, our activities do

appear a tad on the creepy side. I admit it. But we always seem to come up with stupid ways to have fun with this life, which is kind of the whole point as far as I'm concerned. And allow me to say, this was certainly more fun than actually putting books on shelves. Hell, one time we went so far as to follow the poor guy out into the parking lot. No, not to mug him! We wanted to see what kind of car he drove. I have the unsubstantiated and far-fetched idea that all freemasons are rich. Or is it that all rich people are freemasons? I'm not sure now.

Despite all of our efforts we really didn't have a whole lot to show for in the way of results. One of the things we were trying to learn from him were the secret signs masons use to identify themselves to other masons. You know -- like a secret hand shake or something. It's just one of the perks that comes along with membership in an international secret society. In fact, it's probably one of the main reasons people sign up. But most of the time the guy never talked to anyone, and when he did, if he made any signs we didn't catch on.

One thing we did find out however, and which was one of my main objectives, was to identify a good number of books he was looking at. The reason for this I should say again,since we've covered a lot of convoluted territory since I first mentioned it, was that since he was doing research for other masons around the world, his book interests were actually their interests. They could reveal the society's super secret interests. So let us now discuss this:

Puer Aeternus
Psychic and Religious Phenomena
Limited
Forgiveness
In Dreams and Death
Josephus *(and related titles)*
The Atman Discovery
Divine Substance
The Shape of Space
How to Get Out of This World-
-Alive

SPECIAL REPORT ON THE MASONIC BOOK CLUB

I originally compiled a list of the titles of his books in no particular order. Some of them were so similar or obvious in content that I didn't bother writing down multiple titles. I had to hurry! Who knew when he'd come back? The weirder stuff that I didn't recognize I tried to write down. So I'll give you the list of actual titles here first then break the stuff up into categories and say what its all about as best I can.

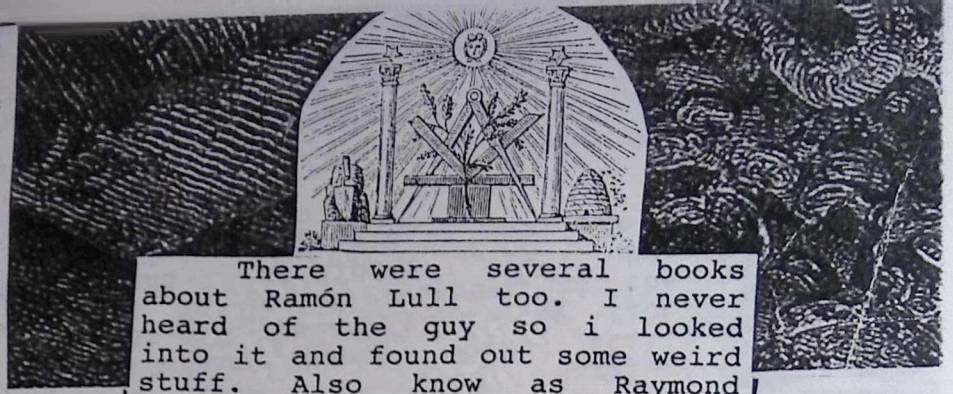
<u>The List</u>

A Life of Ramón Lull *(and related titles)*
Man and His Symbols
Philosophy, Psychology, and Neuroscience
Cosmos and Diacosmos
Martin Luther's Doctrine of Christ
The Anthropic Cosmological Principle
Past, Present, and Future
Cracking the Bible Code
The Theologian and His Universe
Magic Arrows

A quick look at these titles reveals a certain pattern of weirdness, even when its not clear what most of them are about. I did a little sleuthing to look into the ones I never heard of -- which is most of 'em.

A couple of times he had books about Josephus, someone I actually know a bit about. He was a Hebrew historian back during the Roman occupation of israel and the surrounding lands. He was (and is) considered to be something of a roman collaborator actually. His accounts are often used to compare to biblical accounts and he's one of the earlier historians whose works still exist. I guess that the fact that he is of interest to the masons shouldn't be too suprising. After all, they are a religious bunch.

So that makes sense. No biggy. But I was suprised to see that a bunch of the books are what can be called 'Jungian' -- which is to say say that they're connected with the ideas of Carl Gustav Jung (pronounced 'yoong' because of his Swissness). He was a colleague off Freud, but from what I understand, they didn't agree on much. The big thing Jung is known for is his idea of a "collective consciousness." It's a sort of memory shared by all humankind that we can all tap into. Various symbols that exist, all over the world and throughout time, represent powerful shared ides. These symbols also appear in our dreams and fantasies. They can be interpreted in an analytic sort of way too. It sounds pretty far -fetched and new-agey (in fact it has been used by the new age crew in the form of dream encyclopedias and stuff like that), but Jung

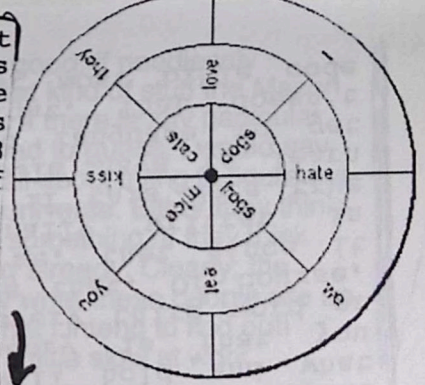


There were several books about Ramón Lull too. I never heard of the guy so i looked into it and found out some weird stuff. Also know as Raymond Lully, he was a philosopher, poet, and theologian and spent a lot of his free time trying to convert Muslims. He tried to develop all these weird ways to prove that the christian scriptures were true. One really bizarre thing he came up with for this purpose was this mechanical thing that would go through logical proofs or something called the *Ars Magna* or the *Ars Generalis Ultima*. It was composed of concentric discs divided into sections with different words or symbols in each section that would line up in different ways. I don't really get it to tell the truth.

Here's a cheezy example I ripped off from somewhere:

The real thing was a lot bigger and was more serious. Its all theological. Apparently he made one that was 14 circles thick instead of this mere 3 circle example. That's a lot of possible combinations considering this little one can do 64 combinations.

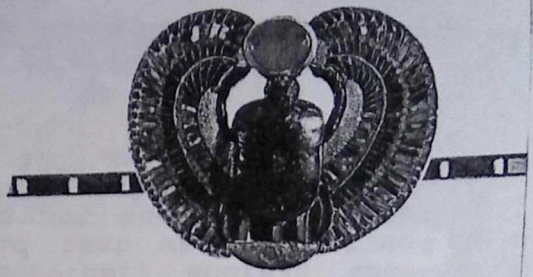
Other than that, Lull tried to say that theology and philosophy supported each other, what's true in one is true in the other, whereas the Muslims said that what was true in one was not necessarily true in the other. Lull was stoned to death in 1315 by Saracens...

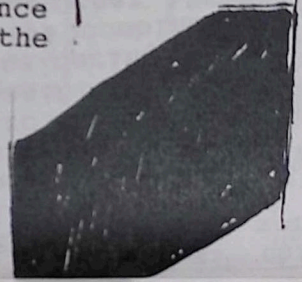


Ramon Lull's disks.

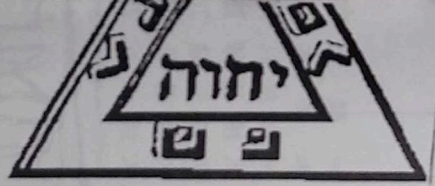
himself said that what he was saying was basically the same as saying people had instincts. Others were not convinced and decided that Jung, who believed he had visions and dreams of the future, was just a nutcase. The book Man and his Symbols is written by Jung and some other folks he knew. I have a copy that's been sitting on my bookshelf for awhile. I might even get around to reading it someday. Puer Aeturnus means "eternal boy." Its a study of one of these universal archetypes from the collective unconscious. You know, like peter pan and the complex of that name. There were a couple of other books along these lines.

The last big category of stuff our mason friend was looking at had to do with this strange pseudo-physics stuff. Like The Anthropic Cosmological Principle. My what a catchy title. I guess there is something to be said for people that like to shove too many fancy words into small spaces. The back of it claims to trace some sort of connection between "the vastness of the universe of stars and the galaxies and the existence of life on a small planet out in the suburbs of the Milky Way." Its sufficiently vague enough that you can't argue with it but neither does it necessarily inspire you to devote much time to it. Later it claims insights into the nature of life, the search for extraterrestrial intelligence and the history and fate of the





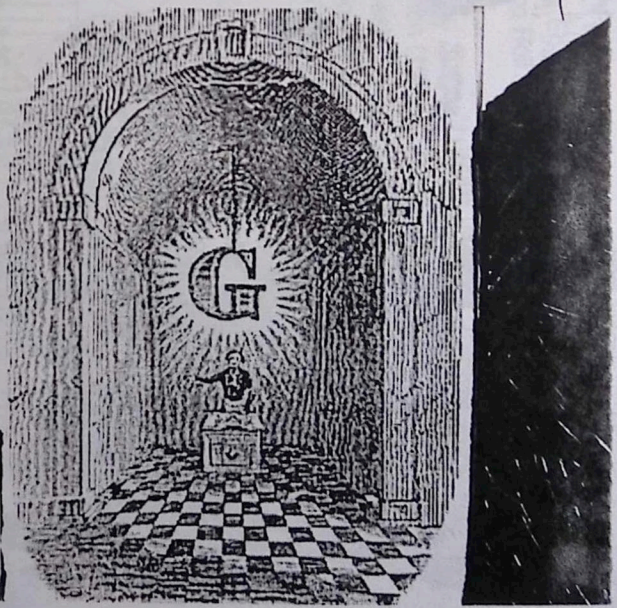
in a not so real sense, we come to Cracking the Bible Code. There are all sorts of theories that the bible, apart from being second only to Aesop's Fairy Tales in quality, also was intentionally written in such a way that if you read it just right you'll uncover all sorts of powerful secrets. Like what the future will hold and what not. One theory is that you should read every third word or something like that. Of course, it seems to me, that since it wasn't originally written in english, even if this were true you really would have to learn some old dead language to get the trick right. That doesn't seem to bother most bible code nuts though.



universe. Pretty damn ambitious if nothing else. Maybe TIVO should start making up some smack like this. We'd probably get more readers -- but they'd all be freemasons. Moving on. The Shape of Space takes a look at -- yes you guessed it -- the shape of space. The universe that is. It explores all sorts of possibilities that boggle the mind. Then there is The Atman Discovery which, not to be outdone, smacks of the bizarre. The book claims to prove, through "metaphysical significances of quantum physics and analytical psychology" that "all of the elements of the Holism of Ultimate Reality... proclaim the Sacral to be immanent" within itself. Or something. I think I'll go take a nap now.

Coming back down to earth

I think that's a pretty good, if needlessly sarcastic, taste of what kind of stuff the Mason was into. I'm not sure if there is any particular pattern to it, but if I had to guess, I would say our friends think are all about trying to figure out the mysteries of the universe. Either they think they're on the trail of something or they think they know something already. Clearly, the world needs to know what these people are up to. And that is just what I intend to find out! Next time things get a little slow at work.



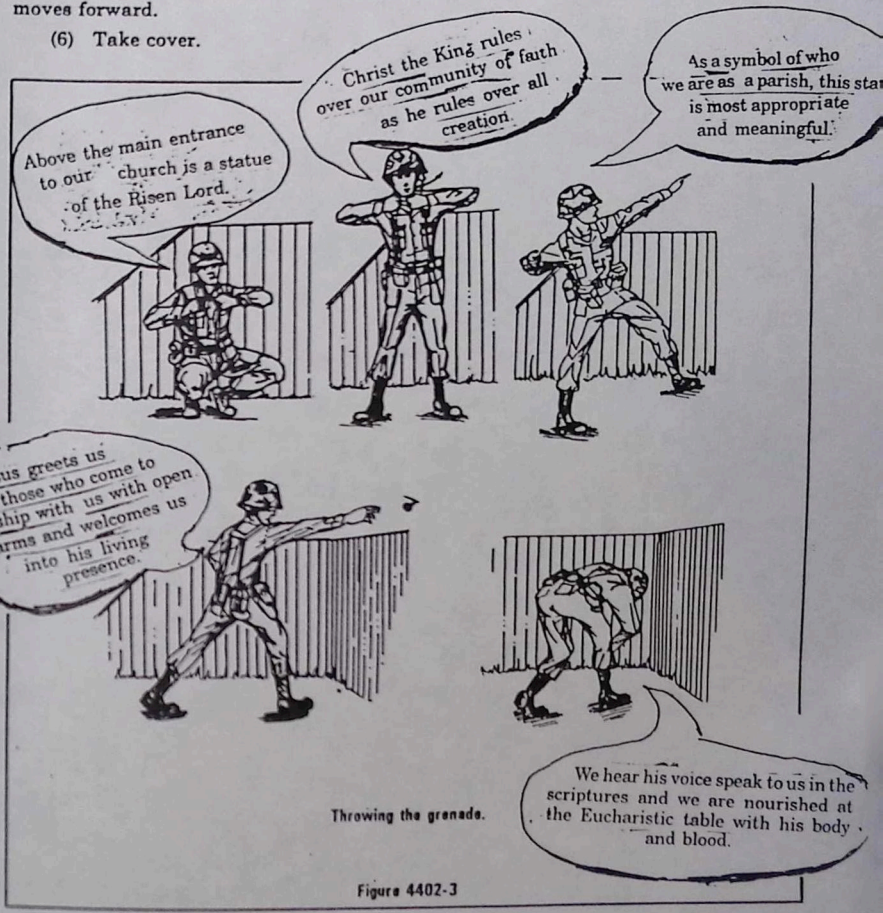
spend some time praying over it.
Touch it, bless it in some way
Pampers
Dill Spears
SOME

春 卷	1.	Roast [redacted] Egg Roll	1.00
蝦 卷	2.	[redacted] Egg Roll	1.10
上海春卷	3.	Spring Roll	1.20
蘭龍隻炸蝦	4.	Golden Fried [redacted] (12)	2.95
炸 雲 吞	5.	Fried Wonton (10)	2.25
蝦 多 士	6.	[redacted] Toast	2.00
鍋貼或水餃	7.	Fried or Boiled Dumplings (6)	3.75

叉燒炒粉
雞 炒 粉
蝦 炒 粉
牛肉炒粉
星洲炒米

... release the grenade after it comes into your field of view as your arm moves forward.

(6) Take cover.



Throwing the grenade.

Figure 4402-3

LAST MINUTE BLASPHEMY (4)

SUCH THINGS THAT BY NIGHT MAY GO UNSEEN...